

## The "Register" Tobacco Fund for Our Soldiers in Europe

The good women of the country are knitting sweaters, socks, wristbands and all sorts of comfortable things to send to the soldiers at the front. What about tobacco? There is nothing you can think of that will give more comfort and solace to those men than tobacco.

This paper has made all arrangements to send tobacco, and not only that, but is going to send the most popular brands in this country—the kinds that many of the men have used at home and that they all know are good.

Tobacco can be sent to Europe without tax, import duty or freight. Through the generosity of leading tobacco manufacturers we are enabled to send 50c worth of smoking tobacco, chewing tobacco or cigarettes for 25c.

It will be worth many quarters to receive grateful acknowledgement of your donation from some soldier at the front. A return post card stamped and addressed to you will be placed in each package you donate.

Send us a quarter if that is all you can spare, or more if you can spare it. This is a time to make sacrifices for the comfort of those who are risking their lives. Send one dollar, ten dollars, or one hundred dollars if you can spare it. There won't be any too much tobacco to go around. The names of all those who make donations and the amounts donated will be published in this newspaper from time to time.

Cut out the form below, fill it out for as liberal an amount as you can afford and send to us with your contribution without delay as it is important to get tobacco to the other side as quickly as it can be done.

### Publisher IRON COUNTY REGISTER, Ironton, Mo.:

In accordance with your offer to send popular brands of tobaccos and cigarettes to our soldiers in Europe in units of 50c packages, each for 25c., I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ and will thank you to send the kinds I have marked below and enclose in each package a stamped return post card addressed to me.

- .....25c pkg. No. 1. Popular cigarettes having retail value of 50c.  
.....25c pkg. No. 2. Popular pipe tobacco having retail value of 50c.  
.....25c pkg. No. 3. Popular cigarette tobacco having retail value of 50c.  
.....25c pkg. No. 4. Popular plug chewing tobacco having retail value of 50c.

(Your Name) .....

(Street Address) .....

(City and State) .....

few moments of our meeting we revelled in rapture again by the bubbling spring at the foot of the hill with the girls we used to call our own, or swooped down the hill on our sleds. Those were days of real sport in our teens. We also met Mr. Roy Thornburgh, an old Normal pal, who had just closed a term as principal at Williamsville Public School. We were glad to learn that he, too, was in the 15th Infantry. Most every time we are together we live over again our splendid days at dear old Cape. The Des Arc boys who enlisted soon after we did, were there too. They were in a different branch of service but we got to see them frequently and have homelike reunion. Also three of our lady friends of Des Arc, Misses Florence Schmidt, Stella Semanda, and Lena Clifton, who were employed in the city, came to the parade grounds, to visit us, but they were almost too late. We were in ranks and ready to march to the train when they arrived.

We were in comfortable quarters after boarding, the train being provided with Pullman cars. We left the Barracks about three o'clock one afternoon and in a short time were rushing through the pleasant haunts of our boyhood days thro' the grand old Ozarks. We were on our way to Douglas, Arizona. Never before did those old hills look so magnificent and welcoming, nor the awakening trees and sparkling waters appeared more charming than they did in the twilight of that Sabbath evening. The rabbit beats, that had oftentimes furnished us the happiest of leisure hours, seemed still the same friendly places with promise of future sport, and from the lofty homes of the frisky squirrels came whispering tones of the sweet May breezes. The same old boughs, whose yellow leaves many times had quivered on frosty mornings at the report of our shotguns while our old dog "Dine" chimed in with his deep bass, were bidding us friendly goodbye and best wishes. How could old Big Creek display her crystal waters in a more appealing manner? In fancy we saw the lusty trout lying apparently at ease as he watched us on the bank with rifle in hand waiting for him to prey on a straggling insect on the surface of the water, or to be decoyed up by a shining pebble. And, too, we dreamed for a moment of the sleepy old sucker as he lay motionless on a rippling shoal blinded by the glare of our gasoline torch, or we felt the swerve of the bow-gig that held him securely. Then there was the back water slough above the bridge. How could we pass it without seeing a bobbing cork, or feel the rapid jerk of a limber sycamore pole? Numbers of flouncing shining perch and drowsy black cats darted into memory as we went dashing by. As we came to the old swinging bridge we could almost hear it squeak and feel it swing under the feet of the rollicking youngsters; and, too, it is held sacred as the most prominent in "Lover's Lane," of all the "lads and lassies" of the town. It is the connecting link of the cool flowing spring with its water-crested branch and the shady road to its right and left. How often have we listened to the crystal waters that mingled with the softer tones while watching the stream on its ceaseless journey under the bridge! Or why should it seem strange to hear gleeful voices as sweet memory pictured the rowboat above the old mill dam? With all the sights the world contains, whoever saw a place like home!

### HI THERE, SAMMIE!

Hi there, Sammie! get your gun, The time is ripe to kill the Hun And every viper 'neath the sun, Including Bill, the Kaiser. There's time enough to talk of Peace When we have clipped the Prussians' fleecy And th' road to Hell is smeared with grease To welcome Bill, the Kaiser.

Hi there, Sammie! brace yourself, You're fighting not for gain or pelf, But just to put Fritz on the shelf, And save your home and honor. You've started out to get the skunk Who filled the air with "hard-boiled bunk," And ordered that our ships be sunk, Till everyone's a "goner." The time has come to call Bill's bluff, To ask him where he gets that stuff, And make him yell, "I've had enough!" Or those same words in German. He's filled the world with slaughter mad, And rape, he's made a high-brow fad, So you'll agree it's time, begad, To wipe out all the vermin.

Hi there, Sammie! never stop, Just smile as you bounce "O'er the Top"

And on the Germans get the drop, For good old Uncle Sam, sir, We haven't started fighting yet, The German's goat we're going to get, And as for Wilhelm's boast or threat, We do not give a damn, sir!

CLIFF BLANCHARD.

Two of Des Arc's Boys in Uniform Some-  
where in France.

Dear Friends—Since we can not answer by personal letter each of the messages of friendship and encouragement we have received from our many friends, we wish to acknowledge our sincere appreciation and gratitude through a letter to the REGISTER to one and all.

We are glad to report good health and a fine trip, though regret having been separated from our friend, Carr Lovelace. The last we heard of him, he was in Company B, of the Fifty-first Infantry. Carr is a fine young man and will show as good for his country as he did for his school.

The first few days of our enlistment were spent in Jefferson Barracks and were everything but agreeable. This was due mainly to the cool rainy weather and the crowded condition of the Barracks. Recruits came in by the hundreds every day, and because of lack of shelter we were sometimes obliged to stand lined up in the rain waiting our turn for examination, uniforms, meals, etc., and to sleep in uncomfortable quarters. Suppose it is much better now for there were several buildings under construction and preparations being made in general when we were there, and we shall limit the expression that "everything" was unpleasant during our stay there, for we were delighted to meet a number of our old friends. Very unexpectedly one day we met Tony Thompson with whom we used to go to school at College Hill. In the

The closing of the day hangs like a curtain between the sunny past in the nestling Ozarks and the daring future in the great world beyond, that we were then entering. But not then, nor once since, have we regretted the course we chose for service at the first call of our glorious old flag in time of need.

The following morning we resolved to enter upon our task cheerfully and earnestly as the smiling sun ushered in the new epoch. Having left all for the cause, we had then but to adjust ourselves to circumstances, realize the worth of our mission and to assimilate, so to speak, the words of Nelson:

"Oh, give us Old Glory, the life and the drum, And we're ready to conquer whatever may come; And we'll fight for the right as we see it to be Till the conflict is over and the world is set free."

These may be simple words, literally speaking, but to many men they have meant a great deal and will mean a great deal more in the future. In America it has already meant a great deal and will mean for many to leave dear ones, business enterprises and all they cherish, to hold high an unstained banner. And for years it has meant the same to these fine fellows who have borne the load so bravely and nobly, for practically the whole world. For a long time we were deceived as to the true nature of the trouble by the soft words of a slimy tongue that ever extended a sham form of peace and friendship. But at last we have taken off from the serpent's tongue its cloture and disrobed the sham to find there a cruel monster grappling at the very throat of national law and civil principle. At last America no longer turns a deaf ear to the screams of fleeing women and helpless children who for no cause at all are held in serfdom, starvation, and brutality, while their noble sons die to defend them. She no longer permits a pretence to unstable notes to stand between her peaceful shore and the ideals of humanity, but instead of the "other cheek" she has turned a brawny fist backed by a hundred million stern hearts ready to retaliate again against the common enemy from whom their flag has received numbers of insults and injuries. Yes, we say a hundred million: for who that has abidden as an American citizen under the brilliant Stars and streaming Stripes and enjoyed the wealth and principle for which our Statue of Liberty stands, and the knowledge of whence it came, is not willing to live for them, fight for them, or die for them if necessary? If such there be in all the land, he is an outcast with not the right under the flag, even of the common heritage of anyone.

We fight for a principle. We come not with the desire for conquest, not the greed of gain, but we come to assert our rights, adjust our wrongs, and make secure the principles of our flag forever by helping strike the death blow to the long existed enemy of freedom. Well, the Kaiser jeered at our Uncle Sam And said he was too young and green To fight with himself, a huge Dutchman, With his big guns and air crafts and submarines. But he knew full well, I hope, And 'twas a bluff he was trying to send,

For our Uncle Sammy's got the dope And when it comes to the fight he'll stand. Already he has heard the scream of the American Eagle and felt the worth of his billions, and if we guess right before the sun of another May has blushed the crimson rose he will have felt the worth of a part of her millions of sons. (Concluded next week.)

### A Soldier Boy in New York.

GARDEN CITY, Long Island, November 4, 1917.

Dear Homefolks—Reached this place Saturday 8:30, after six days' traveling. Stood the trip fine, and it wasn't nearly so tiresome as I thought it would be, because we were exercised every day throughout the trip.

Every day my card I sent from New Orleans? Instead of going through Memphis, our route was changed via the south. We passed through Bay St. Louis, Mississippi; Mobile, Alabama; Montgomery, Alabama; Atlanta, Georgia, through the Carolinas, Richmond, Virginia; Washington, D. C.; Baltimore, Maryland; Trenton, New Jersey; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Newark, New Jersey; then into Long Island.

You can readily trace our route on the map. We passed through thirteen different states. Sure was sorry I couldn't go via of Blomberg, because I had counted all the time on doing so, and thought maybe I could see everyone there. Otherwise I enjoyed the trip very well. I had always wanted to see the South, but one trip was enough. The land is surely poorer than any other of average and pine

forests, and about all you see in the country, is negroes and poor whites.

There are a great many small towns. The country from Richmond to New York certainly is a fine country; it generally, looks like the country around Farmington, Mo. Big cities are frequent.

We passed through Richmond and Washington at night, and from Newark, New Jersey, passed under East River, into Long Island, missing the main part of New York, but there is plenty of time to see it.

We certainly got a loyal welcome in Philadelphia; I think every whistle in the city was blowing; seemed like every window and street was filled with citizens, waving flags and handkerchiefs. The Red Cross gave us apples, some cigarettes, postal cards and cakes.

It sure is pretty cold here. We live in tents and have a small tent stove. We fare fine as long as we have a fire and I think we will try to have that. Have you ever received the Liberty Bond?

Have the other boys from home been called out in the draft yet? Tell Ernest will try to write soon.

This sure is a healthy life. Believe I am getting fat, ha! Weighed 138 pounds when I left San Antonio—10 pounds more than when I enlisted.

Was the picture smashed when it got there? It was hard to find anything to pack with.

Will close for this time and try to write again soon.

With love to all,  
ORVILLE THOMPSON.

### Ironton Proof

Should Convince Every Ironton Reader.

The frank statement of a neighbor, telling the merits of a remedy, bids you pause and believe. The same endorsement by some stranger far away commands no belief at all. Here's an Ironton case.

An Ironton citizen testifies. Read and be convinced. J. R. Harris, Knob St., says: "My kidneys caused me a lot of suffering and I had backache and rheumatic pains in my limbs and joints. At times I could hardly stoop and it was just as bad to straighten. My kidneys acted too freely and the secretions were scanty and painful in passage. Finally I used Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got from the Arcadia Valley Drug Co., and they not only strengthened my back but regulated my kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills are the best kidney medicine I ever used and the only one that ever gave me relief." Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Harris had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

### Weather Report.

Meteorological Report of Cooperative Observer at Ironton, Iron County, Mo., for the week ending Tuesday, November 20, 1917:

Days of Week.	Day of Month.	Temperature Highest.	Lowest.	Precipitation.
Wednesday.....	14	48	39	
Thursday.....	15	58	20	
Friday.....	16	71	40	
Saturday.....	17	73	31	
Sunday.....	18	59	43	
Monday.....	19	51	32	.05
Tuesday.....	20	67	22	

NOTE.—The precipitation includes rain, hail, sleet and melted snow, and is recorded in inches and hundredths. Ten inches of snow equal one inch of rain. "T" indicates trace of precipitation. W. H. DELANO, Observer.

### Cigar Lighters in Italy.

The Italian substitute for the neat and convenient cigar lighter found in every American cigar store is a long rope lighted and placed outside of the tobacco shop. It is made of cheap hemp, of rope waste, and even of rags twisted roughly into shape and held together by strings of twine. The improvised lighter is made by the storekeeper himself. — Popular Science Monthly.

### Cause of Much Grief.

"What are your qualifications?" "I'm an expert egg cook, mum." "How absurd! Why, anybody can cook eggs." "No, indeed, mum. You're making a mistake that's been the cause of a lot of unhappiness in this world."

### World's Popcorn Center.

The hillsides of Sac and Ida counties in Idaho are said to be the world's popcorn centers. The section covers about 5,345 acres, on which are produced 107,322 bushels of popcorn. The growing season covers about 130 days.

### Catholic Church Services.

ARCADIA.  
First Mass, Holy, 8:30 o'clock High Mass and Sermon, 9 o'clock; Benediction, 7:30 P. M.  
PILGRIM KNOL.  
First Sunday of the month, 10:30 o'clock; Second and Fourth Sundays, 8:30 o'clock.  
GRANITEVILLE.  
First Sunday of the month, 8:30 o'clock; second and fourth Sundays, 10:30 o'clock.  
No mass at Pilot Knob or Graniteville on the third or fifth Sundays of the month.  
Third and fifth Sundays of the month at Pilot Knob and Graniteville, 8:30 o'clock.  
Rev. J. C. WOODWARD, Pastor.  
Rev. J. A. BRADSHAW, Asst. Pastor.

### OFFICIAL STATEMENT

#### FINANCIAL CONDITION

### Iron County Bank

(No. 965)

AT Ironton, State of Missouri,  
At the Close of Business on the 20th  
Day of November, 1917.

Published in the IRON COUNTY REGISTER,  
a newspaper printed and published at  
Ironton, State of Missouri, on the 29th  
day of November, 1917.

#### RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts undoubtedly good on personal collateral	\$48604.70
Loans, real estate	56251.25
Overdrafts	33.17
Bonds and stocks	12500.00
Due from other banks and bankers, subject to check	37219.00
Cash items	4550.81
Currency	7651.60
Specie	2488.73
U. S. Cert. of Ind.	25000.00
Total	\$194541.66
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$10000.00
Surplus fund	17500.00
Undivided profits, net	1238.12
Individual deposits subject to check	66500.63
Time certificates of deposit	69242.91
Total	\$194541.66

#### STATE OF MISSOURI, ss.

We, Wm. R. Edgar, as President, and Mann Ringo, Cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.  
WM. R. EDGAR, President.  
MANN RINGO, Cashier.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 20th day of November, A. D. nineteen hundred and seventeen.  
Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid. (Commissioned and qualified for a term expiring June 7th, 1919.)  
(SWAL) WM. R. EDGAR, JR.,  
Correct—Attest: Notary Public.  
ELI D. AKE,  
WM. H. WHITWORTH,  
I. G. WHITWORTH,  
Directors.

### L. R. STANFORTH

Attorney at Law

IRONTON - MISSOURI

### R. G. PARMER

CONTRACTOR IN

Cobblestone, Cement and Granitoid.

IRONTON, MO.

Prompt Service, and Satisfaction is

Guaranteed. Charges Reasonable.